The Bethel Courier.

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AGENT FOR
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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER XV.

The next tribe in order, was that of the Sokokis, on the Saco River. These Indians were located chiefly in two divisions, the one on the Ossipee River in N. Hampshire, and the other on the Saco, in Fryeburg. The location of the latter was about two miles from Fryeburg village. Their Chief Sachem, resided on Indian Island, situated in the Saco River a little above the Falls in Saco village.

The Sokokis were a fierce, cruel and warlike people. Whether their proximity to the mountain region gave them greater developement or not, they certainly were remarkable for their physical prowess. In the pestilence of 1617 they appear to have suffered in common with the other tribes in Maine. They were also engaged about this time in a war with the Eastern Indians and lost their chief.

Among the early Indian Chiefs, Squando figures prominently. His wife and child had been upset by some sailors to see if the latter could swim, as it had been asserted that they could do so naturally. Squando was exasperated and expended his savage cruelty in every possible way against the whites. This was in 1675-6. There was another chief by the name of Assacumbuit, and another called Polan who was killed in Windham, in a skirmish in 1756. Another was called Cloocrua from whom one of the White Mountain peaks was named. But no Indian has left his name in the memory of the whites like Paugus, chief of the Pequakets. Subtle and brave, he commanded a band of as brave warriors as ever were found among savages. There are but few incidents of him except what may be found in the account of the Lovewell fight, which we shall give in another chapter. There was also his successor, Wawah, who was engaged in several excursions against the whites.

After the Lovewell Fight in 1725, the Pequakets removed to the Coos country on the Connecticut river, while a few lingered around their old home, among whom was their Chief Philip and Swarson, who fought with the Americans in the Revolution war. The latter received an elegant sword from congress. These frequently came to Bethel after the settlement of the town. Philip is still remembered as being a very old man at that time. Another Indian was Sabattis. He was taken captive by Maj Rogers when a boy in his expedition against the St. Francis Indians in 1759. He came to Fryeburg, and made that his home much of the time in the house of Mr. James Swan, who afterwards removed to Bethel. Sabattis had a reputed, though it has been said, not a lawful wife in Mollyocket. They often came to Bethel together. Sabattis was fond of rum, and on a certain occasion, it is said, that he attempted to wring Mr. Swan's neck, but he being the stronger man gave him such a whipping as ever after made him a friend. He would go out a hunting in search of fowl and choice bits of moose, and bring these in to gratify his master.

☞ The remains of a female were found in a soap box, in one of the railroad depots at Albany, last week and the mystery connected with the affair has led to the surmise that the body is that of the lost Mrs. Brennan. No evidence in support of the supposition has as yet been produced.

☞ Monday, a little more snow.

Poetry.

Both Sides.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dressed wife by his side,
In satin and laces she looked like a queen
And he like a king in his pride,

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride"

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man that saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight
While humming a love breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw
Arrayed in apparel so fine
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus in this world whatever our lot,
Our minds and our times we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

Selected Tale.

THE DEBTOR'S REVENGE

A THRILLING STORY.

"It matters little, when, or how I picked up this brief history. If I were to relate it in the order in which it reached me, I should commence in the middle, and when I had arrived at the conclusion, go back for a beginning. It is enough for me to say that some of its circumstances passed before my own eyes; for the remainder, I know them to have happened, and there are some persons yet living, who will remember them but too well.

"In the Borough High Street, near St. George's Church, and on the same side of the way stands as most people know, the smallest of our debtor's prisons—the Marshalsea. Although in later times it has been a very different place from the sink of filth and dirt it once was, even its improved condition holds out but little temptation to the extravagant or consolation to the improvident. The condemned felon has as good a yard for air and exercise in Newgate, as the insolvent debtor in the Marshalsea Prison.

"It may be my fancy, or it may be that I cannot separate the place from the old recollections associated with it, but this part of London I cannot bear. The street is broad, the shops are spacious, the noise of passing vehicles, the footsteps of a perpetual stream of people—all the busy sounds of traffic, resound in it from morn to midnight, but the streets around me are mean and close; poverty and debauchery lie festering in the crowded alley; want and misfortune are pent up in the narrow prison; an air of gloom and dreariness seems, in my eyes at least, to hang about the scene, and to impart to it a squalid and sickly hue.

"Many eyes that have long since been closed in the grave, have looked round upon that scene lightly enough, when entering the gate of the Marshalsea for the first time; for despair seldom comes with the first shock of misfortune. A man has confidence in untried friends, he remembers the many offers of service so freely made by his boon companions when he wanted them not; he has hope—the hope of happy inexperience—and however he may bend beneath the first shock, it springs up in his bosom, and flourishes there for a brief space, until it droops beneath the blight of disappointment and neglect. How soon have those eyes deeply sunken in the head, glared from faces wasted with famine, and sallow from confinement, in days when it was no figure of speech to say that debtors rotted in prison, with no hope of release, and no prospect of liberty. The atrocity in its full extent, no longer exists, but there is enough of it left to give rise to occurrences that make the heart bleed.

"Twenty years ago that pavement was worn with the footsteps of a mother and child, who, day by day, so surely as the morning came, presented themselves at the prison gate; often after a night of restless misery and anxious thoughts were they there, a full hour too soon, and then the young mother turning meekly away, would lead the child to the old bridge, and raising him in her arms to show him the glistening water, tinted with the light of the morning's sun, and stirring with all the bustling preparations for business and pleasure that the river presents at that early hour, endeavoring to interest his thoughts in the objects before him. But she would quickly set him down, and hiding her face in her shawl, give vent to the tears that blinded her, for no expression of interest or amusement lighted up his thin, sickly face. His recollections were few enough, but they were all of one kind—all connected with the poverty and misery of his parents. Hour after hour, had he sat on his mother's knee, and with childish sympathy watched the tears that stole down her face, and then crept quietly away into some dark corner, and sobbed himself to sleep.—The hard realities of the world, with many of its worst privations—hunger and thirst, and cold and want—had all come home to him from the first dawnings of reason; and though the form of childhood was there, its light heart, its merry laugh, and sparkling eyes were wanting.

"The father and mother looked on upon this and upon each other with thoughts of agony they dared not breathe in words. The healthy, strong made man who could have borne almost any fatigue of active exertion, was wasting beneath the close confinement and unhealthy atmosphere of a crowded prison. The slight and delicate woman was sinking beneath the combined effects of mental and bodily illness; the child's young heart was breaking.

"Winter came, and with it weeks of cold and heavy rain. The poor girl had removed to a wretched apartment close to the spot of her husband's imprisonment; and though the change had been rendered absolute necessary by their increasing poverty, she was happier now for she was nearer him. For two months, she and her little companion watched the opening of the gate as usual. One day she failed to come, for the first time. Another morning arrived, she came alone. The child was dead.

"They little know, who coldly talk of the poor man's bereavements, as a happy release from pain to the departed, and a merciful release from expense to the survivor—they little know, I say, what the agony of those bereavements are. A silent look of affection and regard when all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us—is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction which no wealth could purchase, or power bestow. The child had sat at his parents' feet for hours together, with his little hands patiently folded in each other, and his thin wan face raised towards them. They had seen him pine away from day to day; and though his brief existence had been a joyless one, and he was now removed to that peace and rest which, child as he was, he had never known in this world, they were his parents, and his loss sunk deep into their souls."

"It was plain to those who looked upon the mother's altered face, that death must soon close the scene of her adversity and trial. Her husband's fellow prisoners shrunk from obtruding on his grief and misery, and left him to himself alone, in the small room he had previously occupied in common with two companions. She shared it with him; and lingering on without pain, but without hope, her life ebbed slowly away.

"She had fainted one evening in her husband's arms, and he had borne her to the open window, to revive her with air, when the moon falling full upon her face, showed him a change upon her features, which made him stagger beneath her weight, like a helpless infant.

"'Set me down, George,' she said, faintly. He did so, and seating himself beside her, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"'It is very hard to leave you, George,' she said, 'but it's God's will, and you must bear it for my sake. Oh! how I thank Him for having taken our boy! He is happy, and in heaven now. What would he have done here without his mother?'

"'You shall not die, Mary, you shall not die,' said the husband, starting up. He paced hurriedly to and fro, striking his head with his fist, then resuming himself beside her, and supporting her in his arms, added more calmly, 'Rouse yourself, my dear girl—pray, pray do. You will revive yet.

"'Never again, George, never again,'—said the dying woman. 'Let them lay me by my boy, now, but promise me, that if ever you leave this dreadful place, and should grow rich, you will have us removed to some quiet country church yard, a long, a long way off—very far from here, where we can rest in peace. Dear George, promise me you will.'

"'I do, I do'—said the man, throwing himself passionately on his knees before her. 'Speak to me, Mary, another word, one look,—but one—'

"He ceased to speak; for the arm that clasped his neck, grew stiff and heavy. A deep sigh escaped from the wasted form before him; the lips moved, and a smile played upon the face, but the lips were palid, and the smile faded into a rigid and ghastly stare. He was alone in the world.

"That night, in the silence and desolation of his miserable room, the wretched man knelt by the dead body of his wife, and called on God to witness a dreadful oath, that from that hour, he devoted himself to revenge her death and that of his child; that from thenceforth to the last moment of his life, his whole energies should be directed to this one object; that his revenge should be protracted and terrible; that his hatred should be undying and unextinguishable; and should hunt its object through the world.

"The deepest despair, and passion scarcely human, had made such fierce ravages on his face and form, in that one night, that his companions in misfortune shrunk affrighted from him as he passed by. His eyes were bloodshot and heavy, his face deadly white, and body bent as if with age. He had bitten his under lip nearly through in the violence of his mental suffering, and the blood which had flowed from the wound had trickled down his chin, and stained his shirt and neckerchief. No tear, or sound of complaint escaped him, but the unsettled look, and disordered haste with which was burning within.

"It was necessary that his wife's body should be removed from the prison, without delay. He received the communication with perfect calmness, and acquiesced in the propriety. Nearly all the inmates of the prison had assembled to witness its removal; they fell back on either side when the widower appeared; he walked hurriedly forward, and stationed himself alone, in a little railed area close to the lodge gate, from whence the crowd, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, had retired. The rude coffin was borne slowly forward on men's shoulders. A dead silence prevaded the throng, broken only by the audible lamentations of the women, and the shuffling steps of the bearers on the stone pavement. They reached the spot where the bereaved husband stood, and stopped. He laid his hand upon the coffin, and mechanically adjusted the pall with which it was covered, motioned them onwards. The turnkeys in the prison lobby took off their hats as it passed through, and in another moment the heavy gate closed behind it. He looked vacantly upon the ground.

"Although for many weeks after this he was watched night and day, in the wildest ravings of fever, neither the consciousness of his loss, nor the vow he had made ever left him for a moment. Scenes changed before his eyes, place succeeded place, and event followed event, in all the hurry of delirium; but they were all connected in some way with the great object of his mind. He was sailing over a boundless expanse of sea, with a blood-red sky above and the angry waves lashed into fury beneath, boiling and eddying up on every side. There was another vessel before them, toiling and laboring in the howling storm; her canvass fluttered in ribands from the mast, and her deck thronged with figures who were lashed to the sides, over which huge waves every instant burst, sweeping away some devoted creatures into the foaming sea. Onward they bore, amidst the roaring mass of water, with a speed and force which nothing could resist; and striking the stern of the foremost vessel, crushed her beneath their keel. From the huge whirlpool which the sinking wreck occasioned, arose a shriek so loud and shrill—the death-cry of a hundred drowning wretches, blended into one fierce yell—that it rung far above the war-cry of the elements, and echoed, and re echoed, till it seemed to pierce air, sky and ocean. But what was that—that old gray head that rose above the water's surface, and with looks of agony, and screams for aid buffeted with the waves! One look, and he had sprung from the vessel's side, and with vigorous strokes was swimming toward it. He reached it, he was close upon it. They were *his* features. The old man saw him coming, and vainly strove to elude his grasp. But he clasped him tight, and dragged him beneath the water.—Down, down with him fifty fathoms deep, his struggles grew fainter, until they wholly ceased. He was dead; he had killed him, and kept his oath.

"He was traversing the scorching sands of a desert, bare-footed and alone. The sand choked and blinded him; its thin grains entered into the very pores of his skin and stung him almost to madness. Gigantic masses of the same material, carried forward by the wind, and shone through by the burning sun, stalked in the distance like pillars of living fire. The bones of men, who had perished in the dreary waste, lay scattered at his feet; a fearful light fell on everything around; and so far as the eye could reach, nothing but objects of dread and horror presented themselves. Vainly striving to utter a cry of terror with his tongue cleaving to his mouth, he rushed madly forward. Armed with supernatural strength, he waded through the sand, until exhausted with fatigue and thirst, he fell senseless on the earth. What fragrant coolness revived him? what gushing sound was that? Water! It was indeed a well; and the clear fresh stream was running at his feet. He drank deeply of it and throwing his aching limbs upon the bank, sunk into a delicious trance. The sound of approaching footsteps roused him. An old gray-headed man tottered forward to slake his burning thirst. It was *he* again. He wound his arms round the old man's body, and held him back. He struggled in powerful convulsions and shrieked for water—for but one drop of water to save his life, but he held the old man firmly, and watched his agonies with greedy eyes; and when his lifeless head fell forward on his bosom, he rolled the corpse from him with his foot.

"When the fever left him, and consciousness returned, he awoke to find himself rich and free, to hear that the parent who would have let him die in jail—*would!* who *had* let those who were far dearer to him than his own existence, die of want and the sickness of heart that medicine can never cure—had been found dead in his bed of down. He had all the heart to leave as a son a beggar, but proud even of his wealth and strength he had put off the act until too late, and now he might gnash his teeth in the other world, at the thought of the wealth his remissness had left him. He woke to this, and he woke to more. To recollect the purpose for which he lived and to remember that his enemy was his wife's own father—the man who had cast him into prison, and who when his daughter and her child sued at his feet for mercy, had spurned them from his door. Oh, how he cursed the weakness that prevented him from being up, and active, in his scheme of vengeance!

"He caused himself to be carried from the scene of his loss and misery, and conveyed to a quiet residence on the sea coast—not in the hope of reviving his peace of mind or happiness, for both were fled forever; but to restore his prostrate energies, and meditate on his darling object. And here,

[Concluded on the fourth page.]

The Bethel Courier : : A Home Paper.

FOREIGN NEW.

ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIMORE

CONTINUATION OF WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

NEW YORK, April 12. The steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool March 30, arrived here about four o'clock this morning. Her dates are four days later than those received by the Canada.

The steamer Jura, from New York, arrived at Liverpool on the 27th ult., and the Europa on the 28th.

Liverpool, March 29. Cotton closed quiet but steady. Sales for three days 28,000 bales; middling Orleans 7 3-8c; middling uplands 7 1-8c. Breadstuffs dull and drooping; yellow corn 1d lower. Provisions dull and unchanged. Consols steady at 95 3-4 a 95 7-8.

Nothing definite known as to the meeting of the European Congress. Baden is believed to have been fixed upon as the place for the meeting. England consents to the admission of Sardinia. It is supposed she will have a seat, but no vote, and other Italian States the same.

In Parliament, Lord Malmesbury made some explanations in regard to Lord Cowley's mission. He expressed a hope that peace would be maintained. There was less confidence felt at Paris, Vienna and Turin, where warlike preparations continue.

Count Cavour continued at Paris, having frequent interviews with the Emperor.

The Paris Bourse was depressed. Threes closed at 68f. 10c. Reports of a pending French loan are supposed to have some influence in the depression.

The reform debate in Parliament progressed nightly, and the vote would be taken on the 31st. The ministers staked their fate on the issue. The liberal journals considered the success of their resolution as certain.

Sir John Pakington, who supported the measure, declared that government, would hold itself staked on the issue.

A deputation had waited upon Sir Pakington, on the subject of a Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway. It was stated that a substantial contractor had offered to construct the railway for two and a half millions sterling.

The Marquis of Waterford was killed Tuesday evening, while hunting.

The Danubian Conference was expected to assemble during the week. The business would be disposed of in two sittings, all the powers having agreed to recognize Cowza's election.

The Calcutta mail of Feb. 25 had been telegraphed, but the news was unimportant.

SHANGHAE. Lord Elgin was preparing an expedition to go up Pearl River.

The meeting of the new European Congress has been fixed for the 1st of May, probably at Baden. It will be attended by five Cabinet Ministers, viz: Malmesbury, from England; Walewski, from France; Gotchakoff, from Russia; Buol, from Austria, and Schemit from Prusia. The Italian States will be indirectly represented. The English Government is said to have given its consent for the admission of Sardinia. Also, that Lord Cowley will assist Malmesbury, and M. Drouyn De Huys act as second to Walewski.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says that although Austria consents to attend the Congress, she has no belief that peace will be maintained, and therefore continues her armaments.

The latest advices are that while Piedmont will have a seat in Congress, she will not have a vote, and that other Italian States will be admitted on the same conditions.

The announcement of this Congress had not produced any improvement in the general trade of France.

All the war material recently prepared, such as Artillery projects, clothing, tents, etc., were to be stored at Lyons and Marsailles.

Paris letter writers state that armaments were going on in France without relaxation. The government had also decided upon adding a fourth battalion to each of the hundred regiments of the line.

Turin letters say that the projected Congress had proved a grevious shock to the war party. Orders for preparing barracks for troops had been countermanded.

Count Cavour writes to the Sardinian Ambassador at London, in reply to a question propounded by the British government, that it will be impossible for Sardinia to remain defenceless in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria.

It is computed that by the close of March, Austria will have in Lombardy seventy battalions infantry, which added to artillery, cavalry, engineers, &c., would make her army in Italy number about 220,000 strong.

Letters from Piacenza announce that 1200 Austrians, with fifty cannon and other war munitions had arrived there. The church had been converted into a flour magazine. Warlike preparations were also going actively forward in other portions of Italy.

It was rumored in Paris on the 28th that a collision had actually taken place in Lombardy between an Austrian detachment and some recruits who wished to escape the service.—One killed and several wounded.

It is officially announced in Germany that the Federal Assembly has voted supplies for arming fortresses.

Prince Frederick of Wurtemburg has been appointed Commander-in Chief Eighth Federal Corps d'Armee.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords on Monday, Earl Malmesbury in reply to Earl Clarendon, made a long explanation touching Lord Cowley's mission and the proposed Congress.

He said the compositon of the Congress had not been decided upon, although he had no doubt it soon would be. Government were desirous that every one of the Italian States should be represented, and their object was to recommend to the Italian people what they believed would be for their own good and the safety of Europe. In the meantime, although no actual disagreement had taken place, both Austria and Piedmont had formally declared they would not attack one another.

There was reason to hope, therefore, that peace would not be broken, and that the Congress would reach the result which all Europe desired.

THE SICKLES TRIAL.—The excitement in regard to the trial of Mr. Sickles continues unabated. The trial is expected to last nearly a week longer. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"Mr. Sickles says he does not remember any of the circumstances immediately preceeding the event—nothing but the affray itself; that he recollects very distinctly. He says, and so does Mr. Butterworth, that every witness thus far is wrong in some one material particular. Mr. Sickles says he does not remember making the exclamation sworn to by the three Club House witnesses. He says that, when asked by his counsel why this or that circumstance was not told to them beforehand, he could only answer that he had no remembrance thereof. He says that he was very seriously grieved by the death of Mr. Dupont, the music teacher, and that for two days he had no distinct consciousness. The revolver, he says, had been loaded for three months."

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:

"A striking demonstration of female sentiment here, took place Saturday night, when George Sickles, father of the prisoner, was surprised by a visit at his hotel of some twenty ladies, who came in a body to express their sympathy for his son, and to say that if he thought it would give any comfort to the accused they would daily present themselves, with many more, at the Court House. The person at the head of the deputation was a venerable woman of some three score years, and she used the strongest expression of commiseration for the prisoner. 'We demand his discharge,' she said, 'on behalf of our sex. Let him be convicted, and the libertine obtains new license. Let him be vindicated, and virtue requires no new guaranty.'"

Mr. Sickles, Sen., made a feeling acknowledgment in reply to this novel but touching display of good and virtuous sentiment by ladies in this community. He said he would not take upon himself the responsibility of answering their inquiry, but he would make known to his unfortunate son this spontaneous act of sympathy by a band of noble women, and he was sure it would be most grateful to his feelings."

Mr. Elnathan Fisher of Turner, Me., was killed by the discharge of a gun held in his own hands, on Monday of last week. He had left his house but a few minutes before, with a gun loaded with shot, and some of the family hearing the discharge of the gun, and groans, ran to the door, and found him in the agonies of death. The whole charge struck him in the breast and passed through his body.

The Post Office at Sedgwick, Me., was broken open a few nights since, and the Boston and Portland letters abstracted.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1859.

LEVEE AND FAIR.—We understand the Ladies of the First Congregational Church in this village propose holding a Levee and Fair, at the Church, May Day. Busy fingers are forming "heaps of pretty things," which we presume they will be willing to dispose of.

ENCOURAGING.—The Louisville merchants think that the business of that city is better by thirty-three per cent, than it has been for fifty years past.

☞ Portland is becoming palatial. R. M. Morse, Esq., a wealthy gentleman of New Orleans, who spends his summers in the Forest City, is building a freestone Italian villa, on Danforth street, at an estimated cost of $100,000. It beats everything except Wood's Hotel—and beats that, on time.

SUICIDE OF A CONVICT.—Charles Greene, a convict in the Charlestown, (Mass.,) State Prison, committed suicide on the 12th inst., by hanging himself to the beadstead in his cell.—He was a young man about 21 years of age, and a native of Boston. He was convicted in 1856, in Worcester, of breaking and entering, and sentenced to the State Prison for four years.

MAPLE SUGAR.—It is said that no so good a season has occurred for many years, for the manufacture of Maple Sugar, as the present. The Sub-Editor thinks, that, inasmuch as Editor No. 1, has received the donation of a chair, he ought to have a little Maple Sugar or Syrup, and all hands in the office fully agree with him in that opinion.

☞ How our friend, Mrs. T. should have found out what suits the palate of the Printer, we are at loss to account, but that she has, is evident from the many delicacies which, at various times have found their way to our table. They are duly appreciated.

☞ We had the pleasure this week, of seeing Mr. GERARDO BONAU from Sagua la Grande, Cuba, who was formerly a student, and a teacher of French in Gould's Academy. Mr. Bonau is a scholar and a gentleman, and is now engaged in New York, in the shipping business, in which he is quite successful.

☞ We are just now enjoying our usual allowance of mud, which furnishes our usual allowance of cheap blacking, and results in our usual allowance of threats for sidewalks.—We allow they are needed very much.

☞ We recommend to all visiting Portland, the Metropolitan Eating Rooms, kept by Mr. V. STEARNS.—He has had long experience as a public caterer, and gives good satisfaction to all who visit him. See card in another column.

☞ Our Oxford hen will have to try again. We notice that one in Somerset Co., beats her by 1-2 inch in measure, and 2 ozs. in weight.

☞ The look of contentment resting upon the face of our friend McCloskey, as we glance across the way, is a good indication that the public have found out the place to get there tailoring done to satisfaction. Give him a call all who have not.

THE BOSTON POST OFFICE.—The committee of merchants held another meeting on Monday last, in the rooms of the Board of Trade, and discussed the Post Office removal question as it appeared at the present time. The more sanguine of the committee look for a return of the Office to its old quarters in the course of a week.

The amount of indemnity required by Postmaster Holt, was deposited in the United States Sub Treasury, at the Custom House, at noon on Monday.

☞ March weather holds on amazingly this year.

NAVIGATION ADVANTAGES OF MINNESOTA.—This new and rapidly growing State of the North-West, enjoys some advantages of internal navigation somewhat remarkable. One of its principal rivers takes rise in Central Minnesota, and flowing northwardly, empties into Lake Winnepeg, the waters of which flow into Hudson Bay. It is navigable at all seasons, and runs through a country whose soil is fertile, and abounds in mineral wealth. To reach our Eastern markets the produce of Central Minnesota would be taken up this river and then transhipped to other navigable streams flowing into the great Lakes. The Albany Evening Journal says:

"Minnesota is literally the central head of inland navigation on this continent. No other State enjoys such facilities. A slight rise of ground, and a few miles of distance, are all that separate rivers flowing to different extremes of North America. You can take one route and sail uninterruptedly down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. You can take another route and sail through the Great Lakes and Canal to New York. You can take a third route and sail thro' the Northern Lakes and Rivers to the Arctic Ocean. You can take a fourth route and sail to the head waters of the Saskatchewan, and thence, after a short portage to the head waters of the Columbia, sail on down to the Pacific Ocean. You can take a fifth route by way of the Peace River, and another portage to the head waters of Frazer River, and so on down to Puget's Sound.

Ox teams are the present means of making the connection between these different lines of inland navigation.—But it will not be long before it is made by short Canals or Railways, and then Minnesota will enjoy facilities of shipping her products, and choosing her markets, that are enjoyed by no other inland country in in the world."

RAILROADS IN MAINE.—From the returns of the Railroad corporations of this State, made to the office of Secretary of State, we make up the following statistics:

The number of Rail roadsis 11, as follows: Atlantic & St. Lawrence, 149 miles in length; Kennebec & Portland, 72 1-2 miles; Androscoggin & Kennebec, 55 miles; Androscoggin, 32 miles; Penobscot & Kennebec, 55 miles; Somerset & Kennebec, 37 miles; Portland & Portsmouth, 51 miles; Bangor & Oldtown, 12 miles; Machiasport, 7 1-2 miles; Calais & Baring, 6 miles; Lewey's Island, 16 1-2 miles.

The Penobscot & Kennebec road is leased by the Androscoggin & Kennebec road, and the number of through passengers on the two roads was 22,380; way passengers, 74,931; revenue from all sources, $152,805,-67. The Portland & Kennebec, and Somerset & Kennebec are also run in connection; through passengers, 18,-796; way passengers, 85,426, revenue from all sources, $176,339,37.

The Atlantic & St. Lawrence being leased to the Grand Trunk Co., pays a dividend of $70,476; the Portland & Portsmouth, $90,000; and the Machiasport road, used exclusively for the transportation of lumber, a dividend of 3 per cent. No other road in the State pays any dividend.

MORE FILLIBUSTERING.—*New York, April* 18. The *Sun* of this morning raises the free flag of Cuba, under the firm belief that that Island is now in the midst of a general revolt, if not already in the hands of the patriots.

Letters have been received, stating that Rev. Theodore Parker's health is rapidly improving.

☞ That article going the rounds of one Moulton, a bigamist, as a resident of Bethel, must refer to some other locality, we have had no such fellow.

☞ Steamer Star of the West, from California, arrived at New York on Wednesday last.

DEATH OF BILLY BOWLEGS.—A report reached Fort Smith, Ark., on the 31st ult., of the death of the famous Seminole Chief, Billy Bowlegs. Suspicions are entertained that he was poisoned.

A female burglar was caught in the act of robbing a dwelling-house in New York, on Thursday night.

The peach crop of New Jersey is likely to prove very large the present year.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Apr. 6, 1859.

Since I wrote you last, from Augusta, the Legislature has adjourned after a session of ninety-one days. There were many solemn faces as the parting hour drew nigh. The closing scene was truly affecting. The closing speeches were beautifully appropriate for the occasion. The hearts of nearly all were too full for utterance and many were melted to tears.

The thanks of the House were tendered to Mr. Speaker Johnson, by Mr. Fish, of Patten, in a few well chosen words, the reply was couched in most beautiful language, full of wisdom, yet breathing the true sentiments of a heart filled with kindly emotions. The quivering lip of the speaker, told more plainly than words, that a cord was touched within. Why should not men who have so long associated together shed a tear at parting, as the farewell word is spoken, and the thoughts come unbidden, that they may never meet again on earth?

Sympathy is an honor to humanity and the manifestations of that beautiful ingredient of men's nature should not be accounted weakness, or effeminacy, but rather as a mark of true nobility of soul. Doubtless it is generally thought that the present session of the Legislature has been needlessly long, yet it would be unjust to charge members with a desire to prolong it for the mere purpose of the pay they receive; for I speak with confidence when I assert that a large majority would have been pleased to have been able to have adjourned at the shortest practical period. Many questions of an exciting nature have been before the Legislature the past Winter, and some were of such great public importance that to pass them hurriedly by without proper investigation and due consideration, might have involved a far greater amount of expenditure to the State, than the time consumed in those investigations possibly could. Fast Legislation, like fast horses and fast ladies, costs money, and the State that attempts to support the first is as liable to be irretrievably ruined, as the man is who undertakes to support the two last. While we condemn old fogyism as a slow coach, we should not forget that *Young America* is a dangerous steed when he takes the bits in his teeth. The only path of safety is between those two extremes, and to firmly pursue that, is a mark of true statesmanship.

Much investigation has been had, into the management of the affairs of Government, with a view to retrenchment in expenditures where it was possibly consistent with public good.

And among the measures which may properly be called practical reform measures, may be mentioned the providing a salary for the Members of the Legislature of one hundred and fifty dollars for the Session, instead of the per diem pay of two dollars, as has been the law heretofore, and in connection with that and necessary to the practical exemplification of the wisdom of the salary system, is a law, requiring all petitions for acts of private Legislation, to be published before the meeting of the Legislature. Next in importance to the last, is the act providing for a reform in the whole management of the State Prison, which if carried out in good faith, will produce a saving of several thousand dollars to the State Treasury. Then a law was passed providing a salary for the Clerks and Assistants of the two Houses of the Legislature, also for Messengers and other subordinates, and forbidding the printing of the Journals, which have been for a few years past, quite an item of expense. The people are always willing to be taxed for all needful expenditures of Government, but any amount drawn from their pockets more than is necessary for the economical administration of the affairs of Government, is a burthen which they should never be expected to bear patiently.

Perhaps your people would like to know something of the weather in other parts of the world beside old Oxford.

The morning I left Augusta the weather was cold, and the ground frozen hard. Though the streets and highways are free from snow, there is much yet remains in the fields and woods in that vicinity, and as we passed along toward Portland it seemed to grow gradually less, yet in the immediate vicinity of Portland quite large fields of snow were still to be seen. Journeying westward from P., traces of winter still present themselves to the eye of the traveler, as he is borne along by the iron horse. As far south as Kingston, little spots of snow still linger by the road side, and all the low places where water has collected from the melting snow, were covered with ice, and even in Cambridge, the ground freezes hard every night, and the air has all the keen edge of winter. Everybody you meet says it is cold. There is nothing green yet to be seen, of vegetation. I mean, of course, except a small show of grass on the Common in Boston.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned last night. I dropped in a few moments when it was in session. It is truly a noble looking body of men. Among the notables that naturally attract the eye of the stranger, are—the Hon. Caleb Cushing, of world wide fame. Mr. Kimball of the Boston Museum, is not only remarkable for talents, but for his size and oddity, both in looks and manners. Then there is B. F. Butler, of the Senate, who in the language of one who pointed him out to me, is a "perfect brick," besides many others which I must omit to mention this time. G. H. B.

ITEMS.

The London *Daily Standard* of March 25, in its summary of American news, says "An attempt was made to burn down the town of Boston during the sitting of the Legislature which caused great excitement, and both houses adjourned for a time."

Dr. Scanzoni of Wurtzburg who attended the Empress of Russia at the birth of her last child, has received for his services $25,000.

Non-paying boarders should draw a moral from the late poisoning case in Fourteenth street, New York.—The mistress, it is said, would have been able to pay and dismiss the revengeful cook, had all her boarders paid up their arrears; and her life was a forfeit to their delinquency.

The population of Paraguay in 1856, according to the public record was 975,000. Two-thirds of the population are Indians and half-breeds.

A Lawrence paper says that a clergyman of that city, during services at his church on a recent evening, fell into so sound a sleep that it was found necessary for one of the congregation to shake him in order to wake him up at the close of the services.

Mrs. Jenkins of New York, has been obliged to decline the invitation to preach in the Music Hall in Boston, to the society of which Rev. Theodore Parker is pastor.

The English papers state that the Great Eastern will be ready for sea in four months.

A Chicago blacksmith nailed a horse-shoe to the sidewalk in front of his shop on April fools' day, and amused himself by laughing at the simple ones who attempted to pick it up. While he was gone to dinner one of his men knocked the shoe off with a hammer, and in the afternoon sold it to the owner for twenty-five cents.

Bonner spent $30,000 in advertising Mrs. Southworth's last story in upwards of one thousand papers throughout the Union. It is possible for a business to "get along" without advertising, and so it is for a cart-wheel to revolve without greasing; but it goes hard.

They have a rose grafted on a peach tree at Pendleton, S. C., and the tree being in full bloom, presents a beautiful appearance.

The Jackson monument at the battle-ground, New Orleans, has reached the height of 70 feet, and has cost $30,600.

The Bethel Courier : : : A Home Paper.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—
To Portland, - - - - - 9 A. M.
To Island Pond - - - - 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS

Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10 1-2 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 4 1-2, P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 1 1-4 P. M. in the following churches:—
First Congregationalist, - - Rev Mr. Beck.
Second " Rev. Mr. Garland.
Universalist, - - - - Rev Mr. Gaines.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.

Sunday evenings at 6 o'clock, at the vestry. Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

FIRE IN LEE.—*Four Persons Burned to death.*—We have received a letter form Lee, in Penobscot Co., from which we are permitted to make some extracts:

"On the night of the 7th inst., from 12 to 2 o'clock, a house was burnt, together with four inmates, who consisted of an aged mother, two sons in middle life, and a grandson of said mother, all upon the lower floor.—Another son said that he barely escaped by jumping through a chamber window. With only his night clothes on, he went about one quarter of a mile to one neighbor, then half a mile to another, then back to the frightful scene where he appeared insane.—About three o'clock he was missing, and is known to be making his escape eastward. Five men are now in pursuit. At first it was supposed to be a casualty, but now all think there is foul play. The two brothers were in bed, one on his back, the other on his face. The boy was found on his back on a feather-bed. The mother was found nearly all burnt up in the cellar under where the boys bedroom door was, ten feet from her bed.

The extremities of all of them were mostly consumed. The bodies are now buried, but we have sent to Bangor for a Coroner, whom we look for to night.

The name of the family is Potter. The one that has escaped is the notorious Potter that stole the prize ox at one of our County Fairs, and who has been in State Prison for three years for the same, and for stealing money.

There were some one hundred and fifty dollars known to be in the house. Circumstances show that there was foul play, and we mean to investigate it according to law.

The house was new, and only lathed. The cellar walls were four feet from the sills of the house, therefore all the bodies but the old lady, were found on a level with the sills.

It appears that this notorious Potter that has escaped, came home from Lincoln about half past nine, and the citizens fear that he butchered them all and set fire, burning up his own clothes, then when he thought everything was right routed the neighbors, and returned to the scene making a great ado, but when he found that the bodies were to be removed, partially burned, *then* he made his escape.

The rest of the family were respectable citizens so far as I know."

We learn by the Bangor papers that Potter went as far as Carroll when he exchanged his clothes, exhibiting an abundance of money, which was unusual with him, and went as far as St. Stephens N. B., when he changed his name, but was arrested and brought back. The whole affair looks like one of the most horrible tragedies ever enacted in this State.

A despach from Bangor says, Marshall Potter, the Lee murderer, was brought here yesterday and committed to jail. In his confession he says he made a clean sweep of the whole family, stole the money, and burned the house to hide his guilt. He shows no particular feeling about the matter.

RUMORED RECALL.—It is rumored that Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada has received notice of recall.

☞ The St. Lawrence River is free from Ice. The Grand Trunk ferry boats commenced running on the 11th.

[Kansas Correspondence.]

GARDNER, K. T., March 25, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Since there no longer reach us exciting statements of civil war and blood-shed from the "Fort Scott" region, and in the dearth of Territorial news, I must entertain you with a little home gossip.

The people of our thriving town were quite taken by surprise on the morning of the 21st inst, to learn a marriage ceremony had been performed at the house of Mr. T., where the Missionary Agent, laboring in the vicinity, had spent the previous night. The bridegroom, late of California, (formerly from Maine) had left the Hotel, where he had been boarding, gone four miles for his bride elect, returned, had the marriage solemnised and they were on their way to Wyandott to procure their outfit preparatory to their tour to Pike's Peak, ere one half the town were well awake.

A sequel to this romantic and sudden marriage (a three days acquaintance) is said to disclose a broken engagement, with another son of Maine, that was to have been consummated but a week later. This is a specimen of the way they do in Kansas.

The gold fever is seriously at work in this section of the Territory. Indeed it is well that Railways are not the work of an instant, or the whole eastern portion of K. might be in danger of being transported 'to the West.' One of the new towns 15 miles west of us have made arrangements to remove their printing press and fixtures, to a town in the vicinity of the mines, named El Paso. This is an old French settlement recently purchased by, and under the control of "the Yankees." The place has a fair prospect of becoming a very important city, from being adjacent to one of the mountain passes, and also on the line of the projected Rail Road to the Pacific.

The rush to Pike's Peak has but just commenced, yet the great thoroughfare to Mexico, the Santa Fee road, of which we have a view for several miles both east and west, is constantly lined with loaded teams.—Now and then may be seen a hand-cart drawn by three or four men, with their provisions and mining implements. Not a few have passed through here on foot, with their supplies upon their backs. Five hundred miles with such a load, is enough to discourage all but the most enterprising, and none but such can brave the hardships with success.

M. D. F. T.

Marriages.

In Bethel, 5th inst. by Isaac N. Stanley, Esq., Mr. John Jackson, Deputy Sheriff, to Mrs. Harriatha L. Jackson, from whom he was divorced at the last March Term of the Supreme Judicial Court in Oxford County.

In Raymond, 12th ult., Horace Ricker, of S. Paris, to Miss Susan M. Chipman of R.

Deaths.

In this town, 14th inst., of typhoid fever, Miss Hannah C. Hobson, of Lewiston, aged 21.

In Newry, 9th inst., Mrs. Enoch Foster, aged 53. [Portland papers please copy.]

On the passage from San Francisco to New York, Mr. Jonathan S. Millett, son of Col. John Millett, of Norway, aged 31 years.

METROPOLITAN
DINING ROOMS!
V. STEARNS, Proprietor,
11 & 16 Exchange Street,
Portland, Me.

THE QUESTION IS

WHERE can I do the best? and it always comes up in the minds of those who are in want of

GROCERIES,

or any article of necessity, comfort or convenience. This question can be satisfactorily answered at the Store formerly occupied by Freeman, Barker & Co., where can be found the best and largest assortment of

FLOUR

in the county. Also—a constant supply of

FRESH MEAT,

and a complete assortment of choice Family Groceries and

CLOTHING.

☞ Possessing facilities that cannot be surpassed, for the purchase of Flour, enables us to sell at wholesale and retail prices that defy competition.

All articles purchased at this Store warranted to be of the first quality and give perfect satisfaction.

GEO. D. BLAKE, Agt.

NOTICE.
J. S. ABBOTT,
HAS NOT "*SOLD OUT*," but is still on BETHEL HILL, ready to do any work in his line.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry,
Of every kind repaired at short notice. 16

GENUINE KEROSENE OIL!!
Is ODORLESS COLORED, has LESS ODOR, and is PURER than any other Coal-Oil.
At WHOLESALE and RETAIL by
N. ELSWORTH & SON,
Importers of Crockery Ware,
118 & 120 Fore st., PORTLAND, Me.
March 29, 1859. 6m16

DOZEN OR BARREL.
FOR SALE BY THE
SUPERIOR CRACKERS,
BLAKE'S
Where can be found some of
C. D. BLAKE'S,
CALL AT
CRACKERS,
AND
IF YOU WANT
SOME

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, MELAINOTYPES.
All work in the above line executed in the highest style of the Art, by SMALL, Bethel, Me.

Administrator's Sale of
REAL ESTATE
PURSUANT to a License from the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at my office on Bethel Hill, on

MONDAY, May 2, 1859,

at one o'clock, in the afternoon, all, or a part of the Real Estate belonging to the Estate of WILLIAM FRYE, late of Bethel, deceased.

Said Real Estate consists of Building Lots, Tillage, Pasture and Wood Lands, situated on Bethel Hill.

Persons wishing for information concerning the premises will call at the office of the subscriber.

R. A. FRYE.
Bethel, March 26, 359. 4w17

SOMETHING NEW.
AGENTS WANTED!! Business honorable. Will pay a weekly salary of from $10 to $20. No "humbug." For particulars, send stamp to
A. B. MARTIN,
3m17 Plaistow, N. H.

1859. 1859.
GREAT REDUCTION!!

By special arrangements made with the Publishers of the following popular and well-known Magazines, we are enabled to furnish them in connection with the COURIER, at the following reduced rates:

One copy of the Courier and the Atlantic Monthly one year, $2,00.
One copy of the Courier and Harpers' Magazine, one year, $3,00.
One copy of the Courier and Harpers' Weekly, one year, $2,75.
One copy of the Courier and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3,00.
One copy of the Courier and Peterson's Magazine, one year, $2,50.
One copy of the Courier and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, $2,50.

☞ Payments to be made strictly in advance.

CHEAP FOR
CASH!
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
GOODS!
adapted to the
COUNTRY TRADE!
Constantly on hand at
KIMBALL'S.
BETHEL, March 18, 1859. tf-13

WATCHES & JEWELRY
JOHN S. ABBOTT
DEALER IN
WATCHES and JEWELRY
Of every description.
He is also fully prepared to put in perfect order all kinds of WATCHES & CLOCKS and warrant them,—also all kinds of JEWELRY repaired. New glass set in old Spectacle bows.
☞ All Goods sold or work done by him will be warranted as he represents.
Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange.
Letter Engraving neatly executed.
☞ Work done at short notice.
Bethel Hill, Dec 10, 1858. tf

ISLAND POND HOTEL,
Island Pond, Vt.
Through Trains dine here.
Way Trains remain over night.
Porters in attendance to convey baggage to the house FREE OF CHARGE.
Stairs and Covered Passage from Depot to Hotel.
7 G. G. WATERHOUSE, Proprietor.

J. G. RICH,
HUNTER, TRAPPER,
And Guide,
Letter B., Oxford Co., Me.
March 25. 13tf.

ECONOMIZE
To Families in the Country.
Every Body has heard of the famous
CHINA TEA WAREHOUSE,
198 Washington St., Boston,
and there is hardly a family within twenty miles of Boston, where our
TEAS AND COFFEES!
are not used. We sell every description of
GREEN AND BLACK TEAS,
and our prices range from 25 cents per pound up to one dollar. We sell good family tea (black,) for 35 cents. The above Teas are as good as usually sold in Country Stores for 60 cents per pound.
We buy more Teas & Coffees,
and sell more and cheaper than any other establishment in New England.
Our COFFEES are FRESH every day, and for purity are unrivalled.
Teas neatly packed in 10 pound chests, for family use.
For the convenience of those going to the railroads, we have BRANCH STORES at No. 65 Union street, two doors from the corner of Hanover street, (Red store.)
At 110 Court street, (store painted red.)
At corner of Beach and Albany streets.
At corner of Washington and Pine streets.
Call on us when you come to Boston, and give our goods a trial. Orders solicited by express.
THOMA G. WHYTAL,
198 Washington Street, Boston.
3m17

FOR SALE.
A FARM, Situated in BETHEL, on the north side of the Androscoggin River, formerly owned by SIMEON TWITCHELL, two miles from Bethel Hill, (up the river.) Said farm consists of ten acres of Intervale, on the bank of the river, sixteen of plain and about three or four acres of pine growth as handsome as can be found in the State; number of trees fifteen hundred, and will average from twelve to sixteen inches through and from sixty to eighty-five feet in height. Also, about eight acres of Swale land, and eight of upland with a good orchard on it that has just commenced bearing, all choice engrafted fruit, with plums, cherries and pomegranates. Also, a piece of swamp and meadow of two or three acres, and twenty acres of pasture. The field is divided into eight lots for convenience in saveing fall feed.

A good House and sheds, and a large barn. A good woodlot, and a sugar place of eight acres, a cedar lot and a pasture of fifty-two acres. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber

HIRAM TWITCHELL.
Bethel, March 16, 1859. *6w14

CAUTION!
ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a Note of Hand, signed by the subscriber, and running to George C. Cole, dated Greenwood, February 23, 1859, or thereabouts, for the sum of Eighteen Dollars, payable in the month of August, 1859, as I have received no value for the same.

DENNIS W. COLE.
Greenwood, April 4, 1859. 3w17*

HAIR CUTTING, Shaving and Shampooing by ALFRED TWICHELL,
1y1 Bethel Hill, Me.

D. L. MITCHELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT!
and Broker in
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
PAINTS, &c.,
102 Middle St., opposite Casco Bank,
PORTLAND, ME.
Every variety of Goods in the Market, furnished at short notice, and at the very lowest cash prices.
Being in constant correspondence with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Markets, I am enabled to *keep posted* as to the Houses selling lowest, and can make it for the interest of the trade to give me a call. 3m14.

Feathers and Matresses!
EDWARD H. BURGIN
MANUFACTURES
Best Hair, Husk and Excelsior
MATRESSES
ALSO—ON HAND
Live Geese
AND
RUSSIA FEATHERS,
At Free Street Carpet Warehouse.
Chambers No. 1 & 2 Free St. Block,
Portland, Me.
Feb 25, 1859. 4m11

Elm House,
Federal, Corner of Temple St.,
PORTLAND, ME.
S. M. MARBLE & CO., Proprietors.
S. H. MARBLE, W. H. STEVENS,
15tf L. M. MARBLE

INGERSOLLS'
Eating House!
77 Middle Street,
(Three doors west of Post Office,)
PORTLAND, MAINE. 7tf

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
CORNER WILLOW AND PORT STREETS,
Opposite the Old Custom House,
Portland, Me.
N. J. DAVIS, - - Proprietor.

THE ONLY POSITIVELY
FIRE PROOF SAFE!
IN THE WORLD.
WHEN THE CONTENTS OF SAFES ARE DESTROYED THEY ARE INVARIABLY burned by heat being conducted to them and the inside wood casing, through the door and doorway by the iron bolts and plates forming and fastening the iron box to the outside iron plate of the door, and joining directly on to the inside wood casing, thus forming a continuous conductor of the best heat-conducting material from the outside directly upon the inside wood casing, and contents of the safe.
☞ All safes, save ours, are thus built.
Examine your Safe Door!
THE MARLAND PATENT
SAFE is so constructed as to entirely cut off all communication of heat in this part by so constructing the door and the door-way of soapstone, or other equally non-conducting material as to have no iron bolts running through the door, or iron plate around the door-way, nor any connections from the outer to the inner part of the safe, thereby keeping the interior and contents of the safe as effectually protected from all heat that can be applied to the door, as in any other portion of the safe.
M. B. Bigelow & Anson Hardy.
tf Manufacturers and Proprietors, 16
38 School Street, Opposite City Hall,
BOSTON, MASS.

Employment.
$50 A MONTH and all EXPENSES PAID. An agent is wanted in every town and county in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. For further particulars, address Dr. J. HENRY WARNER, corner of Broome and Mercer Streets, New York City, enclosing one postage stamp. 6mo6.

A FEW BOARDERS
CAN be accommodated with good Board and pleasant Rooms by applying at the Courier Office.

Carpeting
EDWARD H. BURGIN,
Is now Receiving a
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
OF
NEW CARPETING,
OIL CLOTHS,
Curtain Goods,
Rugs, Mattings, &c.,
Selected with great care, for the
SPRING TRADE,
Which he offers very low
FOR CASH,
AT THE
Free Street Carpet Warehouse,
Portland, Me.
Chambers over H. J. Libby & Co
Feb. 25, 1858. 4m11

DAVIS & BRADLEY,
General Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND CORN,
No. 67 Commercial St.,
(Head Portland Pier.) 7tf
Portland, Me.
J. ALLEN DAVIS. ROBERT BRADLEY.

F. O. STAPLES, Agent,
DEALER IN
PERIODICALS!
NEWSPAPERS!
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
Foreign and Domestic Fruit,
TOBACCO!
CIGARS!
Also—Agent for all the Popular
PATENT MEDICINES,
Hair Restoratives, &c.,
68 Middle St., opp. Post Office,
PORTLAND, ME. 3m15

THE
GREAT EASTERN
Will come next Summer to
Portland.
THE Subscriber Manufactures and keeps the Largest Assortment of
Candies, Nuts,
Cigars,
Tobacco,
CONSERVES for INVALIDS,
Native Grape Juice, Etc.
Also—Original, Pure Refined
Spruce Gu'm.
All of the above Goods are of the first quality, bought and sold for CASH, at wholesale or retail, at the very lowest rates.
Also—Sole Agents for the
Boston Friction Match Co's.
CARD MATCHES, the BEST MATCH in the world. Call and see!
B. Pearson,
105 Federal St., 5 Doors above the Elm House, PORTLAND, ME.
Portland, March 17, 1859. 13tf

The Bethel Courier ::: A Home Paper.

[Concluded from the first page.]

some evil spirit cast in his way the opportunity for his first, most horrible revenge.

"It was summer time; and wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, he would issue from his solitary lodgings early in the evening, and wandering along a narrow path beneath the cliffs to a wild and lonely spot that had struck his fancy in his ramblings, seat himself on some fallen fragments of the rock, and burying his face in his hands remain there for hours—sometimes till night had completely closed in, and the long shadows of the frowning cliffs above his head, cast a thick, black darkness on every object near him.

"He was seated here one calm evening in his old position, now and then raising his head to watch the flight of a seagull, or carry his eye along the glorious crimson path which commencing in the middle of the ocean seemed to lead to its very verge where the sun was setting, when the profound silence of the spot was broken by a loud cry for help; he listened, doubtful of his having heard aright, when the cry was repeated with even greater vehemence than before, and starting to his feet, he hastened in the direction from whence it proceeded.

"The tale told itself at once; some scattered garments lay on the beach; a human head was visible above the waves at a little distance from the shore, and an old man, wringing his hands in agony, was running to and fro, shrieking for assistance. The invalid, whose strength was now sufficiently restored, threw off his coat, and rushed towards the sea, with the intention of plunging in, and dragging the drowning man ashore.

"'Hasten here, Sir, in God's name, help, help Sir, for the love of Heaven He is my son, Sir, my only son,' said the old man, frantically, as he advanced to meet him. 'My only son, Sir, and he is dying before his father's eyes.'

"At the first word the old man uttered, the stranger checked himself in his career, and folding his arms, stood perfectly motionless.

"'Great God!' exclaimed the old man, recoiling—'Heyling!'

"The stranger smiled, and was silent.

"'Heyling!' said the old man wildly—'my boy, Heyling, my dear boy, look, look,' and gasping for breath, the miserable father pointed to the spot, where the young man was struggling for life.

"'Hark!' said the old man—"he cries once more He is alive yet; Heyling, save him, save him.'

"The stranger smiled again, and remained immovable as stone.

"'I have wronged you,' shrieked the old man, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands together—'be revenged; take my life, my all, cast me into the water at your feet, and if human nature can repress a struggle, I will die without stirring hand or foot Do it, Heyling, do it, but save my boy, he is so young, Heyling, so young to die.'

"'Listen,' said the stranger, grasping the old man firmly by the wrist—'I will have life for life, and here is ONE. *My* child died before his father's eyes, a far more agonizing and painful death than that young slanderer of his sister's worth is meeting while I speak. You laughed—laughed in your daughter's face, when death had already set his hand—at our sufferings then. What think you of them now? See there, see there.'

"As the stranger spoke, he pointed to the sea. A faint cry died away upon its surface, the last powerful struggle of the dying man agitated the rippling waves for a few seconds; and the spot where he had gone down into his early grave, was undistinguishable from the surrounding water.

* * * * * * *

"Three years had elapsed, when a gentleman alighted from a private carriage at the door of a London attorney, then well known to the public as a man of no great nicety in his professional dealings, and requested a private interview on business of importance Although evidently not past the prime of life, his face was pale, haggard, and dejected, and it did not require the most acute perception of the man of business to discover at a glance that disease or suffering had done more to work a change in his appearance than the mere hand of time could have accomplished in twice the period of his whole life

"'I wish you to undertake some legal business for me,' said the stranger.

"The attorney bowed obsequiously, and glanced at a large packet which the gentleman carried in his hand.—His visitor observed the look, and proceeded.

"'It is no common business,' said he; 'nor have these papers reached my hands without long trouble and great expense.'

"The attorney cast a still more anxious look at the packet; and his visitor, untying the string that bound it, disclosed a quantity of promissory notes, with some copies of deeds, and other documents.

"'Upon these papers,' said the client, 'the man whose name they bear, has raised, as you will see, large sums of money, for years past. There was a tacit understanding between him and the men in whose hands they originally went—and from whom I have by degrees purchased the whole, for treble and quadruple their nominal value—that these loans should be from time to time renewed, until a given period had elapsed. Such an understanding is nowhere expressed. He has sustained many losses of late; and these obligations accumulating on him at once, would crush him to the earth.'

"'The whole amount is some thousands of pounds,' said the attorney, looking over the papers.

"'It is,' said the client.

"'What are we to do?' inquired the man of business.

"'Do!' replied the client, with sudden vehemence—'Put every engine of law in force, every trick that ingenuity can devise and rascality execute; fair means and foul; the open oppression of the law, aided by all the craft of its most ingenious practitioners. I would have him die a harrassing and lingering death. Ruin him, seize and sell his lands and goods, drive him from house and home, and drag him forth a beggar in his old age, to die in a common jail.'

"'But the costs, my dear Sir, het costs of all this," reasoned the attorney, when he had recovered from his momentary surprise—"If the defendant be a man of straw, who is to pay the costs, Sir?"

"'Name any sum,' said the stranger, his hand trembling so violently with excitement, that he could scarcely hold the pen he seized as he spoke—'any sum, and it is yours. Don't be afraid to name it, man. I shall not think it dear, if you gain my object.'

"The attorney named a large sum, at hazard, as the advance he should require to secure himself against the possibility of loss; but more with the view of ascertaining how far his client was disposed to go, than with any idea that he would comply with the demand. The stranger wrote a check upon his banker for the whole amount and left him.

"The draft was duly honored, and the attorney finding that his client might be safely relied upon, commenced his work in earnest.—For more than two years afterwards, Mr. Heyling would sit whole hours together, in the office, poring over the papers as they accumulated, and reading again and again, his eyes gleaming with joy, the letters of remonstrance, the prayers for a little delay, the representation of the certain ruin in which the opposite party must be involved, that poured in, as suit after suit, and process after process, was commenced. To all applications for a brief indulgence, there was but one reply—the money must be paid. Land, house, furniture each in its turn, was taken under some one of the numerous executions which were issued; and the old man himself would have been immured in prison had he not escaped the vigilance of the officers and fled.

"'The implacable animosity of Heyling, so far from being satisfied by the success of his persecution, increased a hundred fold with the ruin he inflicted. On being informed of the old man's flight his fury was unbounded. He gnashed his teeth with rage, tore the hair from his head, and assailed with horrid imprecations the men who had been intrusted with the writ. He was only restored to comparative calmness by repeated assurances of the certainty of discovering the fugitive Agents were sent in quest of him in all directions; every stratagem that could be invented was resorted to, for the purpose of discovering his place of retreat; but it was all in vain. Half a year had passed over, and he was still undiscovered.

"'At length, late one night, Heyling, of whom nothing had been heard or seen for some weeks before, appeared at the attorney's private residence, and sent up word that a gentlemen wished to see him instantly. Before the attorney, who had recognised the voice from above stairs, could order the servants to admit him, he had rushed up the staircase, and entered the drawing room pale and breathless. Having closed the door to prevent being overheard, he sank into a chair, and said with a low voice—

"'Hush! I have found him at last.'

"'No!" said the attorney—'Well done my dear sir; well done.'

"'He has concealed is a wretched hovel in Camden Town,' said Heyling—'Perhaps it is well, we did lose sight of him, for he has been living alone there, in the most abject poverty, all the time, and he is poor—very poor.'

"'Very good' said the attorney—'You will have the caption made to-morrow of course.'

"'You will have the caption made to-morrow, of course,' he repeated

"'Yes' replied Heyling. 'Stay! No! The next day. You are surprised at my wishing to postpone it,' he added with a ghastly smile, 'but I had forgotten. The next day is an anniversary in his life; let it be done then.'

"'Very good' said the attorney—'Will you write down directions for the officer?'

"'No. Let him meet me here at eight o'clock in the evening, and I will accompany him myself.'

"They met on the appointed night, and, hiring a hackney coach, directed the driver to stop at the corner of the old Pancras road, at which stands the parish workhouse. By the time they alighted there, it was quite dark; and proceeding by the dead wall in front of this Veterinary Hospital, they entered a small by street, which is, or was at the time, called Little College St., and which, whatever it may be now, was in those days a desolate place enough, surrounded by little else than fields and ditches.

"Having drawn the travelling-cap he had on half over his face, and muffled himself in his cloak, Heyling stopped before the meanest looking house in the street, and knocked gently at the door. It was at once opened by a woman, who dropped a curtsey of recognition; and Heyling, whispering to the officer to remain below, crept gently up stairs, and opening the door of the front room, entered at once.

"The object of his search and unrelenting animosity, now a decrepit old man, was seated at a bare deal table, on which stood a miserable candle. He started on the entrance of the stranger and rose feebly to his feet.

"'What now, what now?' said the old man. What fresh misery is this? What do you want here?'

"'A word with *you*,' replied Heyling As he spoke, he seated himself at the other end of the table, and throwing off his cloak and cap, disclosed his features.

"The old man seemed utterly deprived of the power of speech. He fell backward in his chair and, clapping his hands together, gazed on the apparition with a mingled look of abhorrence and fear.

"'This day six years,' said Heyling, 'I claimed the life you owed me for my child's Beside the lifeless form of your daughter, old man, I swore to live a life of revenge. I have never swerved from my purpose for a moment's space, but if I had, one thought of her unconplaining, suffering look, as she drooped away, or of the starving face of our innocent child, would have nerved me to my task. My first act of requital you well remember; this is my last.'

"'I leave England, to-morrow,' said Heyling, after a moment's pause 'To-night I consign you to the living death to which you devoted her—a hopeless prison—'

"He raised his eyes to the old man's countenance and paused. He lifted the light to his face, set it gently down, and left the apartment.

"'You had better see to the old man,' he said to the woman, as he opened the door, and motioned the officer to follow him into the street—'I think he is ill.' The woman closed the door, ran hastily up stairs, and found him lifeless. He had died in a fit.

* * * * * * *

"Beneath a plain grave-stone, in one of the most peaceful and secluded church yards in Kent, where wild flowers mingle with the grass, and the soft lanscape around forms the fairest spot in the garden of England, lie the bones of the young mother and her gentle child. But the ashes of the father do not mingle with theirs, nor from that night forward, did the attorney ever gain the remotest clue to the subsequent story of his client."

Early Vegetables.—Many persons wishing early vegetables, sow the seed in crocks or boxes, and start their plants quite early; but their early growth is nearly lost in transplanting. Let them try the following method:

Take a flat box, and fill in an inch or two of earth; then take flat or English turnips, scrape out the inside of as many as you wish hills of tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, or lettuce, place them in your box, fill in and around with rich earth, and sow a few seeds in each. Keep in a warm room, and water occasionally. When you plant them, cut off the bottom of the turnip, being careful not to disturb the roots, and your vegetables will be from one to two weeks earlier than those raised in a hot-house and transplanted in the common way.—Let three or four cucumbers or lettuce plants grow in a hill, and but one tomato or cabbage plant. After they are set and growing well, nip off the poorest of the tomatoes and cabbages, for by pulling them up you disturb the roots of the one you wish to grow.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 147 letters.
My 62, 59, 38, 43, 134, 116, 121, 86, 90, 12, 122, 31, 134, 66, 44, 133, was a military hero.
My 18, 12, 89, 41, 16, 33, 121, 74, 80, 100, 107, 125, 112, was a great statesman.
My 8, 131, 99, 1, 23, 66, 101, 120, 18, was a famous general.
My 23, 47, 77, 98, 114, 23, 108, 51, 177, is a great humbug.
My 62, 78, 124, 107, 131, 35, 78, 138, 2, 10, 51, 50, 62, 16, is an immense structure.
My 116, 50, 121, 81, 67, 73, 49, 52, 140, 35, 42, 5, 107, is a distinguished orator.
My 28, 70, 17, 40, 146, 126, 125, 32, 122, 20, 97, 34, 75, 84, is an author.
My 92, 39, 103, 22, is very much coveted by Uncle Sam.
My 94, 4, 11, 134, 45, 140, 127, 63, 88, 121, is a poet.
My 118, 16, 134, 53, 119, 117, 28, 6, 9, 60, 98, costs a great deal of money.
My 46, 56, 106, 10, 49, 135, 107, is a noted actor.
My 3, 128, 30, 37, 139, 7, 121, 71, 26, is a famous female vocalist.
My 14, 83, 106, 111, 122, 96, 69, 47, 23, 23, 47, is a river in the United States.
My 19, 23, 113, 43, 134, 116, 63, 110, is a distinguished divine.
My 123, 132, 15, 136, 82, 140, 64, 95, 121, 11, 65, 122, 48, 97, is a mountain in Oxford County.
My 79, 81, 27, 36, 138, 93, 29, 59, 54, 116, 107, 35, 76, is a State in New England.
My 55, 101, 16, 140, 65, 1, 57, 102, 31, 61, is a secret order.
My 104, 109, 93, 79, 141, 125, is not manly.
My 91, 81, 72, is near at hand
My 67, 39, 129, 81, 31, is a female name.
My 115 44, 133, 62, 147, is pleasant to hear.
My 142, 144, 146, 17, 86, 143, is an act of politeness
My whole you must find out and wait.

Conundrum.—Why is a rum-seller like a house carpenter?

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

To Enigma,—*Nathaniel Tuckerman True.* Answered by C. I. K., G. R. W., L. C. H., C. J. C., G. M. T., M. J. T., L. D. B., E. M. W., Miss M. M. G., and Miss A. I. W., Bethel; Miss O. A. G., Newry, Me. O. K., Bryant's Pond, Me; Nellie, Paris, Me.

To Conundrum,—*Because he is All bird,* (*Albert.*)

R. A. CHAPMAN,

WOULD respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he has on hand a large and well selected Stock of

Dry Goods!

well adapted to the present season, consisting of

Broadcloths
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Satinets,
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MUSLIN DeLANES,
VALENCIA PLAIDS,
Ladies' Cloths,
A great variety of PRINTS, Bleached and unBleached Cottons, and Warp Yarns.

Also—a good Stock of

FLOUR!

Of different brands, and a general assortment of W. I. GOODS, and

GROCERIES,
Crockery and Glass-Ware,
HARDWARE and CUTLERY,
NAILS and GLASS, BOOTS,
SHOES and LEATHER,
Feathers,
Ready-Made Clothing
and CARPETINGS.

Hats, Caps,

—AND—

BUFFALO ROBES!!

☞ All of the above Goods will be sold CHEAP FOR CASH, or pay down, and persons coming into the place for the purpose of buying Goods, are respectfully invited to call and examine his present Stock of Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

R. A. C. wants in exchange for Goods and Cash, 3000 Bushels of Oats, 500 Bushels White Beans, 5 Tons of Pork, 2 Tons of Butter, 2 Tons Dried Apples, Clover Seed, Herds Grass Seed, Cheese, Poultry, and Wool Skins.

Bethel, Dec. 30, 1858. 3tf

KILLING AND CURING!

STRYCHNINE for Killing Foxes, and PATENT MEDICINES for curing People, For sale by

J. S. ABBOTT.

Bethel Hill, Dec 7, 858. tf

CAHOON'S PATENT

BROADCAST SEED SOWER

FOR SOWING

Wheat, Oats, Barley,
Grass-Seed, &c.

Patented Sept. 1st, 1857. *Re-issued May* 11th, 1858.

PATENTED IN EUROPE.

The Horse Power Machine,

At the walking gait of a horse, sows from *ten to fifteen acres* per hour.

The Hand Machine,

At the walking gait of a man, sows from *four to eight acres* per hour.

These machines are substantially built, and do the work in a very superior manner, as numerous certificates from those who have used them fully prove.

They have taken the 1st Prizes at the UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL FAIR, held at Richmond, Va., 1858.

Also,—At *Missouri State Fair*, on a grand trial of Broadcast Seed Sowers, held at St. Louis, Mo., 1858. *Kentucky State Fair*, holden at Louisville, Ky., 1858, "with high commendation of the committee." *Michigan State Fair*, holden at Detroit, 1858. *Pennsylvania State Fair*, holden at Pittsburg, 1858. *Maine State Fair*, holden at Augusta, 1858; and at numerous other State and County Fairs.

The HAND MACHINE, which is especially adapted to the Farms of New England, is built of iron, and will last a man his life-time

A person can sow with it and do the work perfectly, who has had no experience in sowing, whatever—and a saving of at least three-fourths of the labor is made by its use.

A complete division of the seed is effected, and each kernel falls separately upon the ground; causing great regularity in distribution, and giving the best opportunity for the growth and development of the grain. As a result of which, a large saving of seed is made, (estimated by some to be fully one-third,) and an increased and better crop is produced.

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Or by

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CHAS. W. CAHOON,
Corresponding Agent.

Office—York Street—Opposite Portland Sugar House.
PORTLAND, Maine.

☞ Circulars containing certificates from Farmers who have used the Machines, forwarded on application as above.

Jan. 7, 1858. 1y tf

Gold and Silver

SPECTACLE.

TO suit all ages, together with a good assortment of useful and FANCY GOODS, such as

WALLETS,
PORT MONIES,
SCISSORS,
HAIR BRUSHES,
TOYS,
RAZORS,
PERFUMERY,
HAIR OIL,
POCKET KNIVES,
Gold and Steel PENS, Violin Strings, and a great many other goods not specified here

JOHN S. ABBOTT.

Bethel Hill, Dec 17, 1858. 1tf

Stage Notice.

MAIL STAGE will leave Bethel Tuesdays & Fridays at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Newry, North Newry, Grafton, Letter B, and Errol, N. H., arriving at Errol at 6 P. M.

Returning—Leave Errol on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M. for Bethel, arriving in season for up and down trains.

N B. All express orders will receive prompt attention. A. M MERRILL, Proprietor.

Bethel, Dec 17, 1858. 1y

D. P. YOUNG,

DEALER IN

Boots & Shoes,

WOULD call the attention of his friends and the public to his Winter Stock.

His Goods are selected with great care, and he feels confident that he can furnish an Article equal to any in this section.

☞ He also manufactures to measure, Women' Misses' and Childrens' Shoes.

Store in Chapman's Block.

Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 1y

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OF ALL KINDS;

Also—a good assortment of SILVER and PLATED SPOONS, FORKS, and

BUTTER KNIVES,

Constantly on hand and for sale low, by

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Horse Shoer & Farrier,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of the above work in the neatest manner.

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BOARDING by the day or week on reasonable terms.

☞ Horses and Carriages to let.

Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 1ly

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Bethel Hill, Dec 24, 1858. 2tf

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Ladies' 18 carat case Gold Watches,	36 00
Gents' Silver Lever Watches,	25 00
Gents' Silver Lever Watches,	15 00
Gents' Silver Lepine Watches,	12 00
Parlor Time Pieces, new pattern,	12 00
Parlor Time Pieces, from	$4.00 to 10.00
Gents' Gold Vest Chains,	10.00 to 15 00
Gents' Heavy Plated Vest Chains,	4.00 to 6.00
Ladies' Gold Chains,	6.00 to 15 00
Misses' Gold Chains,	3.00 to 5.00
Ladies' Gold Spring Lockets,	6.00 to 10.00
Ladies' Gold Snap Lockets,	3.00 to 6.00
Misses' Gold Lockets,	1.00 to 3.00
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Ladies' Gold Stone Sets, "	" 6.00 to 10.00
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